

FOREWORD

We, the College Rhetoric Class of 1932-33, submit for your criticism and enjoyment the results of our first literary efforts.

We trust that the contents of the "Green Book" will give to you as much pleasure and benefit as the preparation of that contents has afforded us.



DEDICATION

We, the Rhetoric Class of 1932-33, dedicate this, our first edition of The Green Book, to our instructor, Professor Alice Spangenberg, who has been very faithful and patient in the consideration of these compositions; our first literary efforts.

THE
"GREEN BOOK" STAFF

Editor ----- Donald Tillotson
Assistant Editor ----- Grace Barnett
Literary Editors ----- Gwendolyn Mann, John Wheeler
Art Editor ----- Lewis Payne
Ass't Art Editors ----- Mary Morse, Genevieve Mann
News Editor ----- Doris Horst
College Life Editors ----- Edith Peavey, James Brown
Business Manager ----- John Andree
Ass't Business Manager ----- Lester Smith
Typists ----- Ray Benson, Edith Peavey,
Beatrice Cork, Maurine Simpson

All

Wish You

A Very Merry Christmas

And

A Happy New Year

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword	i
Dedication	ii
Staff	iii
Christmas stanzas from Milton	1
Editorial	
Education for Democracy	2
Literary	
The Akron Airport - Grace Barnett	4
The Distant Light - Preston Lockhart	6
The Most Popular Man In Town - A. Lewis Payne	7
The Lights Go Out - Ralph Earle, Jr.	10
My First Social at E. N. C. - Edith Peavey	13
The Storm - James Bender	16
My First Alarm Clock - Beverly Gordon	18
Fooing the Faculty, a story - James Brown	20
My Bed - John Wheeler	23
An Afternoon in a Garret - Grace Barnett	26
From the Laboratory Windows - Grace Barnett	28
My First Band Practice - A. Lewis Payne	29
Ridiculous Desires - Edith Peavey	32
Subway Scenery - Doris Horst	34
Broadway - Donald Tillotson	36

College Life

The Drive, illustration 39

Our Christmas Tree 40

Christmas Presents 41

Jokes 42

Advertisements 44

No war, or battail's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high
uphung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spoke not to the armed
throng;
And Kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord
was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.

- John Milton



EDITORIAL

Education for Democracy

In the years of presidential elections the powers and responsibilities of citizenship are brought to our attention with added force. We realize that, as one writer has expressed it, "democracy is social responsibility." To us who are training for life, matters of government seem very important. It would indeed be shameful if any one of us should fail in any test of citizenship after graduating from this college where the atmosphere of spirituality is so conducive to improvement of character in its every phase.

The fundamental principle of citizenship is a love for law. Whether individual enactments may be to our personal advantage or not, there should be that spirit of acknowledgement to law as a whole that makes obedience

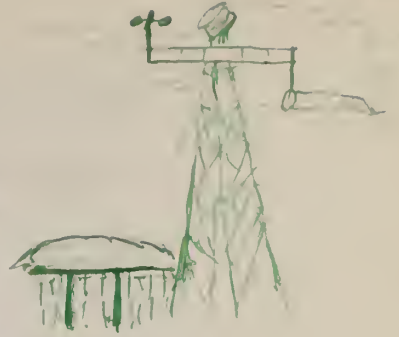
an easier and, in fact, logical duty. This phase of our citizenship presents an opportunity for development here at E. N. C. Probably all of us find more school rules that inconvenience us than we will find laws of government that burden us. All the greater is the opportunity for developing a strong citizenship conscience. There are times when unintentionally or in an "emergency" rules will be broken, but such happenings are tolerable if there is a right attitude. The worst detriment to good citizenship is a feeling that some rules need not be too closely observed because of their apparent insignificance.

Then there is the matter of political activity. Charges have been made that college students take little interest in the affairs of government. We have felt that very tendency which is caused by the isolation of the college community and its self-sufficiency. However, this attitude must be warded off. History will help us to relate past events to the present, but if we have lost track of public matters during our four years at college, our required six hours of history will be of little advantage to ourselves or our country when we have graduated.

Let us remember, then, that we are training for democracy. And truly, democracy is at a critical point of its existence. If our generation does not take more social responsibility, the system may easily be lost in oligarchy or even anarchy.

The Akron Airport

The Municipal Airport is one of the most outstanding features in the city of Akron. Few cities have the privilege of having within their borders the factory of the United States Navy's giant airships.



I have passed by this airport countless times, yet at each glimpse I find something new and appealing.

As I pass along the highway to the north of the airport, I see a large expanse of land, a few buildings, trees, and stones, but nothing more. But in the southwestern part of this expanse of land I can see a building of peculiar shape and structure. This is the Goodyear Zeppelin Dock or Mangar in which the U. S. S. Akron was completed, and in which the U. S. S. Macon is now in the process of construction. The Mangar covers twelve acres of land, enough space on which five baseball games can be played simultaneously. It is over three hundred feet high, but the unique feature of this building is that it has no middle supports. The front view reminds me of half an orange, and the huge doors, each weighing twelve tons, opening in halves, are known as the "orange-peel doors".

But there is more on this section of land than has already been mentioned. Facing the highway, Triplett Boulevard, is a smaller building known as the Terminal. Here all reservations for airplane flights are made. A hotel and a restaurant are

also found in this building.

To the right of the Terminal is the airplane hangar. This will house possibly twenty airplanes, a few gliders, gasoline, and other supplies.

But I enjoy particularly viewing the airport at night. From the multi-colored lights, one might imagine oneself to be in a circus. Red lights for danger, white lights for landing, green lights for a clear course, can be seen at intervals all over the field.

One evening while I was descending the hill near the airport, from which one can have a wonderful view of the entire field, a great light shone all about. At first I was startled, then realized that it was the newly installed "flood-light". This light which is located on the rear of the Terminal is so bright that it can be seen three miles away. From my view on the hill the whole territory resembled a large expanse of water.

As I descended from the hill I heard the drone of motors and soon a huge tri-motored monoplane swooped down onto the field. It was the 8:15 Pittsburg mail-plane coming in. The mail was unloaded very quickly. To insure the safety of any valuables, armed men transported the bags to the Terminal from where it was taken to the Akron City Post Office. Soon the outgoing mail was put aboard, passenger lists were checked, the motors were turned up by the mechanics, and the ship was off.

again.

I stood fascinated by the sight which I had seen. While standing thus the great "flood-light" was turned off, leaving darkness everywhere as compared to the former brightness.

At last, finding the crowd leaving, I turned and viewed again the airport at night. Again, that strange place gripped me. As I turned my gaze upward and heard the faint drone of the airplane speeding on its way to Cleveland, I wondered in a few years from that night what the airport would be like, and if it would still hold me spellbound and fascinated as it had done on that evening.

G.B.

The Distant Light

As I look from my window into the night,
through the trees I can see a gleam far in the
distance. This light shines no brighter than
one of the stars up in the sky; to me it is worthless.
I am sure that I could never see to read or to write
by it,

But though I receive no benefit from it,
shall I count it worthless? No, for there in the
distance perhaps some passer-by is mindful of its
benefits.

The lights that we see along life's pathway,
although they may seem ever so dim to us because
of our distant gaze, shine for some one as the
noon-day sun.

P.L.

The Most Popular Man In Town

Kenneth Ketcham is a living proof that sometimes there is something in a name. The meaning derived from the phonetical interpretation of his name is indeed a very key to this shrewd man of humor. One should, I suppose, speak of a teacher as Mr. So and So, if not Professor So and So, but this teacher is one who has become such a pal to everyone that he is always "Kenny." Putting "Kenny" and Ketcham together we have "Can 'e catch 'em!" Nor is this merely a play on words, for the phrase carries a well known meaning in Windsor High, The husky farmer boys expected to have great fun at the little man's expense in sport contests, but they found to their amazement that while he had trained his mind he had not neglected his physical life. Similar reverses of fortune, however, are not wholly unexpected to an intelligent observer, for there is always a warning in the glistening blue of his eyes that tells an antagonist to proceed cautiously.

"Kenny's" wit and humor is not a coat that he can put on or take off at will; it is an integral part of his being. When he appears, he brings smiles with him; when he speaks, others listen; he seems to inject a spirit of jollity into the very atmosphere.

In the classroom it is the same. As a boy, I was generally thought of as solemn and sober-minded, and though in time I became the "bright light" of the Senior class, yet I did have some misgivings during the first few weeks I spent in Kenny's classes. Could those mighty orations of Cicero be taught effectively by one who was such an innocent clown? Time proved that they could be. Indeed, the laughable incidents that he seemed unable to avoid impressed certain ideas more deeply than a profound exposition would have done, for he had the full attention of the students. Anyway, at the end of the year the entire class passed the State Regents' examinations.

"Kenny" is at his best in his French classes. The details of the language, the typical gestures of the Frenchman as he talks; these are a part of his nature. In addition, scores of snapshots that he himself has taken in France, Switzerland, and Italy; tales of humorous, sometimes embarrassing incidents; and descriptions of France and the French people which he relates from personal observation, these give an interest in what otherwise might be a dry, uninteresting subject.

That word, interesting, brings to mind another of his traits. Though I like to think of "Kenny" as my "French friend," yet he is still a red blooded American. He persists in pronouncing interesting with four distinct syllables, much to the chagrin of the English teacher. For other words,

too, he maintains a pure American pronunciation. Says he, "I come from Cornell, not Oxford." Incidentally, his brother is head of the science department at Cornell, one of the New York State's greatest universities. He promised to take me through the department and show me the "sights" some day. "Kenny" is kind-hearted.

A musician he is, too. In the chapel programs on Friday mornings, the students always burst into cheers and a deafening racket, which was followed by absolute attention as "Kenny" caused mouths to open, hair to stand on end, and "prickles" to chase up and down the spine. The school orchestra was under his direction. Though public practice hours were times of "riot acts", with "Kenny" in the center ring.

No wonder "Kenny" Ketcham is the most popular man in town. No, girls, he isn't married, but don't worry, because for such a relationship he is disqualified by his impertinent little brown mustache!

L.P.

The Lights Go Out



It was Sunday night; consequently, we were going to church--or were trying to. But the combination of an old Model T Ford, a pouring rain, oppressive darkness, and a narrow, muddy road was not conducive to rapid progress, and it was only after considerable trouble and difficulty that we reached our destination.

This memorable trip, which impressed itself vividly upon my youthful mind, occurred several years ago when I was attending school in Indiana. My sister and I were spending the week-end with a family that lived far out in the country. After an enjoyable and profitable Sabbath day we started out to attend the evening service at a Pilgrim Holiness Church in a little village several miles distant. As the father of the family was engaged in evangelistic work at the time, the mother had the entire responsibility of caring for things at home. Since the oldest boy was only about twelve years of age, and the mother did not like to drive at night, it fell to my lot to sit behind the wheel. I had had practically no experience with Model-T Fords, having always driven a gear-shift car at home. Nevertheless, I managed to get the car started along the road, and everything seemed all right. At least I knew how to keep the car in the road, and what else was necessary?

I say that I knew how to keep the car in the road; but soon my ability was to be tested under rather adverse circumstances. We were puttering along on two or three

cylinders when, suddenly, the lights went out. At such a time things happen very quickly and although I brought the car to a stop as soon as I could, I did not succeed in keeping it out of the ditch.

There was nothing that we could do until somebody came along. It was so dark that we could not even tell on which side of the road we were. As we sat there in the blackness of that hour listening to the rain steadily falling on the car, our feelings were dampened somewhat.

Soon, however, a car came along and the driver agreed to let us follow him to town. The young boy took the wheel this time and we started off. Again, everything went well for awhile. But the car ahead pulled away from us gradually, and went around a sharp curve some distance ahead of our car. Suddenly, everything seemed to go blank. Just at that instant we reached the bend, but we went straight ahead.

My mind worked with lightning rapidity during the next few half-seconds. I recalled the fact that very near the curve was a bridge over a river. It seemed to me that the car was flying out into space, and I was sure that we were going to drop right into the water. It was a tense moment. Someone in the back seat screamed; we were all very much frightened.

But to our great relief the car suddenly came to a stop. We all clambered out as fast as we could and managed to get up to the road. Just as we left the car it torpled overagainst a fence.

That was a dismal night. How dark and rainy it was! The road was muddy; I had neither raincoat nor rubbers; and I was dressed in my best clothes that evening. Nevertheless we had to walk for miles through the darkness and rain and mud. How glad we were when at last we reached the church!

When I returned to the somewhat monotonous life of classroom and dormitory, this eventful week-end helped to make the days happier, and the event still remains vivid in my memory.

R. E. Jr.

My First Social at E.N.C.



Do you realize what it means to be a Freshman and to be anticipating your first social? And do you remember the last few hours before that social? The day before the fateful night I was all confidence. People told me of the appalling things that would happen to Freshmen but I scoffed. Why should I be afraid of what anyone could do to me?

Then the day arrived. I still laughed, but way down inside a small fear began to gnaw. Still, I must keep up and appearance; so I laughed -but rather weakly- when someone said, "Little these poor freshmen dream of their fate tonight." The day passed slowly. Evening began to fall. Every harsh voice startled me. Unexpected gestures irritated me. I jumped when the bell sounded loudly the call to supper. I jerked my way down to the dining-hall and there I succumbed to that awful fear. A junior smiled knowingly. "I sure am glad I'm not a freshman tonight," and she heaved a sigh weighted with the fullness of her relief. Another junior half finished a sentence. "They may not appear terribly frightened but if they only knew-" The rest of the table, made up almost unanimously of juniors and seniors, smiled gravely and shook their heads as might a jury regretting their necessary verdict. It was too much for me. I laid down my fork, folded my napkin, and said not a

word during the rest of the meal. The dean's bell as she rose for announcements was like the toll of a death bell. I tried to console myself with the thought that in four hours everything would be over. One or two announcements were made of which I heard not a word.

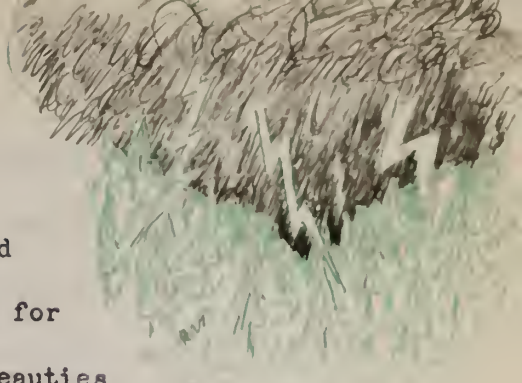
Then our president arose. "I'd like to meet all the freshmen in that corner of the dining-hall immediately following dismissal", and he pointed to a corner which was more brightly illuminated than the others. My heart perked up at these welcome words. I straightened in my chair and attempted a rather sickly smile. A scraping of chairs and I, too, followed the freshmen to the designated corner. The President climbed upon a chair and started a "pep" talk. The boys had a plan which they were going to carry out and the girls could enter if they so desired. The social was no longer something to be feared. It was beginning to be fun. Twenty minutes after the time for the beginning of the social thirty excited freshmen gathered by the Manchester, the girls arrayed in middies, skirts, and ties, and the boys coatless, vestless, and tieless. Confidence was in our hands. We were freshmen and proud of it. So we paraded once around the gym to let the audience look over its new arrivals.

We sat down. Everything went smoothly until the senior president announced that the following people would please

come forward. Anxiety began to fill my heart. The old warnings of the upper classmen came back to me. Fear began to well up, but the sound of my name being called dispelled it somewhat. I got up and walked that long, long walk to take my place beside the other victims. Then, after all were assembled, a debate between the boys and girls was announced and only one half a minute was given to think of the arguments, at that. We did our best but the boys came out on top in spite of us. Our fellow classmates were forced to run the gauntlet, and what was my surprise to see my tennis racket, that of a freshman, being used of the freshmen boys. (That is what comes of having a junior roommate.) Loud and long the laughter rang out during the whole evening. The juniors and seniors certainly left nothing undone to make the evening a success, and the freshmen did their best to acquit themselves creditably. One thing have I learned, however. If ever I were a freshman again and to be introduced to my first social, all the threats of what was going to happen would no longer scare me. I am sure that the louder the threats, the noisier and merrier the time.

E. P.

The Storm



One morning in April I arose early, and hiked to the mountains. After I had walked for about an hour, I came to the forest. The beauties of nature were all about me; the morning dew glittered in the grass, and the flowers lifted eager faces of many colors toward the morning sunlight which was coming over the ridge behind me. Birds of many species were singing in the trees overhead. Innumerable spider webs, which were spun among the low bushes and grasses, were jeweled with countless drops of dew which sparkled in the morning light. The sky overhead was a clear, blue, with a few white clouds in the east.

After walking for three or four hours, I became aware of a change in the atmosphere. The air had become warm and sultry. The sky grew dark and ominous-looking in the west. Not a breeze stirred the leaves overhead. Even in the songs of the birds there had developed a note of warning. I began to be concerned about shelter, because I was certain that it would soon be raining. Walking rapidly along the road, I finally came to a place which was sheltered overhead by a huge shelving rock. On the one side was a tree which had a massive trunk, and on the other, a high bank. Thus nature had provided a good shelter, of which I took advantage at once.

The approaching storm was still some distance away, and so I had the opportunity to watch its advance. The sky gradually became entirely overcast with black clouds. Occasional flashes of lightning cut across the dark sky as mutterings of thunder were heard in the distance. The storm drew nearer. Everywhere was the stillness of death. Shortly after, a great flash of lightning streaked across the sky, followed by a tremendous peal of thunder. Then came a mighty wind which made the great trees of the forest sway. Many large branches were torn from the trees and carried for several hundred feet. The fury of the storm had hardly reached its height until the rain came. It poured in torrents, driven with a great force. Looking down the mountain side a short distance, I saw a placid little creek leap into a wild rushing torrent. Bushes were beaten down and broken by the force of the sheets of water, which were thrown upon them. The violence of the storm had reached its zenith in about an hour, after which the wind abated and the downpour lessened.

Finally the rain ceased to fall and the sun began to shine. The grass and bushes were a cleaner and fresher green. The trees looked more beautiful, despite the disfiguring marks which the storm had inflicted upon many of them. The birds resumed their happy singing. The whole forest had a sweeter odor than before. The great brown rocks which formed the sheltering cliff looked much cleaner and more attractive. Although the ground was muddy, and not in the best condition for my return, I enjoyed my hike and experience in the storm immensely.

J B.

My First Alarm Clock

How well do I remember the time when I bought my first alarm clock! By means of careful saving, I had accumulated the huge sum of one dollar fifty cents for the purchase, and with much pride I carried my highly-prized trophy home.

How excited I was when I went upstairs to bed! The clock became the object of much investigation, occupying a considerable amount of time. I began to wind the clock, and wound and wound until I could wind no more. It was now beating time like a regiment of drummers as I exclaimed, "That clock surely has some appetite!" Next I began to turn the alarm key, and turned and turned until I could turn no more. Of course I had to set the alarm for 5:45 because father, who was sure the "thing" wouldn't work, had told me he would call me at six o'clock.

Placing the clock in the chair nearest my pillow, I went to bed, and with a feeling of well-grounded pride tried to go to sleep. The new clock, however, ground out its monotonous tones so loudly that every corner of the room, especially the darker ones, reechoed with ghostly sounds. I was indeed very fearful.

The night wore on, and the clock ticked away the early morning hours. "Surely it will ring in a few minutes, now." I said to myself on waking from an occasional period of sleep. Again disappointment awaited me. "Whatever can be the trouble



with that alarm? Is it possible that something has gone wrong?" I asked myself another time. That same incessant pounding, as of many unseen hammers striking at the same time, alone broke the stillness of the night.

At length I fell sound asleep, and I knew no more until something happened. If I remember correctly I was dreaming of violent explosions when "Baw-aw-aw-w-w" pierced the air. I jumped up with nerves all tingling and heart beating overtime. Peal after peal came from the clock. Wildly I tried to grasp it, and in my fright I knocked it down and sent it rolling under the bed. Thud! "Ouch!" I bumped my head on the iron bars of the bed as I reached under to seize the clock. "Baw-aw-aw-w-w", it bawled back at me as if laughing at my frantic attempts. "Baw-aw-w" it roared on when I tangled myself up with the bed-clothes. Finally I did lay hold of it, and most unexpectedly, before I could turn it off, it stopped. "Whew, out of gas at last!" I exclaimed very much relieved.

Never do I hope to have the thrill of my first alarm clock experience. Never shall I forget the long hours of anxious waiting for an alarm that would not ring, my final dropping off to sleep, and my sudden rude awakening. Since then I have had interesting times with other alarm clocks, but no timepiece can take the place of my first alarm clock.

B. G.

Fooling the Faculty

"Hello, Jim; what are you doing tonight?"

These were the words which greeted me as I stepped from my last period class of the morning.

"Oh, I don't know, Tubby; why?" I asked as I looked into the good natured face of Tom Jackson, better known as 'Tubby' because of his size.

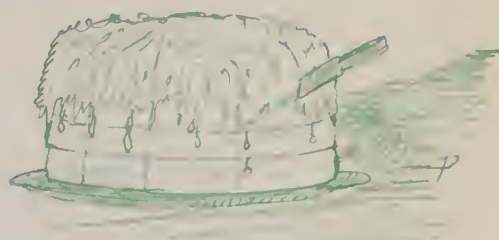
"Well," he said, as he puffed along one of the many walks of Clemson Academy, "my folks sent a large box of eats and we are planning on a midnight spread, and of course you are invited."

"Okay," I replied, "but watch Snodgrass. You know he said he would ship the next outfit having a spread after lights are out."

"Oh, that will be taken care of; never fear," laughed Tubby.

I walked on to my hall, as Tubby turned off to go to the Gym, and as my head cleared of geometrical constructions, studied in the last class, I glanced across the main drilling ground at the cozy little lake which bordered on the campus.

Clemson Academy is a military school for boys from from sixteen to nineteen years of age. Located in the Swanee River Valley of Carolina, it draws some four hundred boys each year.



That night when lights were out and everyone supposedly in bed, I slipped on a robe and sneaked down the hall to Tubby's room.

"Come on in." We almost decided you weren't coming," whispered Tubby.

"Hello, Jimmie," came from all sides.

"Hello, fellows," I replied, as I looked around the room where some eight of my classmates were lying, some in chairs, some on the bed, and others on the floor.

"All ready?" I asked as I selected a seat by the blanketed windows.

"Sure, bring on the eats," Jack Kenneymore said, "before old 'Soddie' comes around."

At these words Tubby produced from under his bed a large box plastered with stamps of various denominations. What a box! Two whole roast chickens, a large cake of fresh cheese, and slices of cold ham. Fit for a king!

"Just a minute, fellows, wait till you see this," he grinned as he unwrapped a large devil's-food cake and handed a bottle of ginger ale to one of the fellows to uncap.

We all made ourselves comfortable and listened to Percy Biltmore as he tried to make up rhymes about "ham better than tender young lamb."

All at once a sharp knock caused a chill to play

up and down our spines. No one said a word for what seemed like ages. Tubby finally called out in a sleepy voice, after the knock had been repeated, "Who is it?"

"It is me, Professor Snodgrass," came the curt reply.

We all held our breath. No one moved as Jack replied after a moment's hesitation, "Aw get away. You are some low brow from the Lincoln dorm. Prof. Snodgrass would have said 'It is I;' get away and go to bed!"

We waited breathlessly to see if the plan worked.

The professor tiptoed down the hall. English professors are not supposed to make mistakes, especially in English.

J. B.

My Bed

I am going to tell you a few secrets about one of my best friends, the Bed. She has been with me longer than any other friend, and yet she is not very old. I still think of her as being young, for I have not realized many changes during the years.



The Bed, no doubt, was one of my closest acquaintances even before I began to form other friendships. She told me pleasant stories, often invited me to rest, and gave relaxation to my weary limbs. For many years I had to share her, but nevertheless she was mine.

Other people have beds, I suppose, much like mine, but they do not express gratefulness to them. I am sure that if anyone else ever happened to have my Bed, he could not help loving her. She never complains, but if she is pounced upon or kicked around, of course she moans. She is always there whenever needed. This is more than I can say about many others who profess to be my best friends.

When I sit and study during the evening, my Bed does not distract me, but somehow draws me in her direction.

She says, "Look at your watch. Do you not think now is the time to give me a little more attention? You haven't noticed me all day long."

Her persuasions are deliberative and winning; not

self-centered, for she is my guardian. When I study a little too late, she does not chide but she chastens me by her keenest artifices into condemning myself for being neglectful.

She whispers sweetly, "Come to me. I know that you are tired. Be careful of your body. I stand here ready and waiting to serve you for many years. Why not give your books a vacation? You have been studying very hard about the beautifying powers of imagination and the freedom of spirit found there. Now I am going to take you to that Utopia of imagination, and we'll sail in a beautiful barge upon the boundless ocean of dreams. The expenses are free if you wish to come along."

She continues thus, and before I am conscious of my procedure, my clothes are off, and my pajamas are on. Then she reminds me to pray.

"We are the best of friends," she says, "but first you must pray." I honor my Bed for this.

Prayers are no sooner said than I am off. Doubtless to say we have times together that no author can pen, that no artist can picture. I shall never forget one week we spent together in a paradise when an injury sent me to my friend, the Bed. I shall always remember the joys we experienced.

At first I was in a daze. Coming to, I beheld a deep dark pit. I was faint. In my awful condition, I felt that no one could help me and I desired to be alone. As the doctor brought me into my room everything stared at me, as if sympathy was entirely lacking. But the contact with my Bed awakened me from my stupor

and despair. I surrendered completely to her enchantment which soothed me in a magic spell. Quietness was my desire; quietness was my portion! For a long time my Bed waited patiently on me, smiled, and soon dispensed all my gloom. I needed no sun because of the light that shone round about. By and by I felt myself going I knew not where. My Bed knew, and I knew afterwards, but the companionship that we had filled us with delight. All of it I cannot understand until this day.

My Bed knew that I could not remain there too long and that I had a place to fill on earth. So she brought me back. The warfare she taught aided me in battling for strength.

When I had to leave my Bed, she said "Never be slow to come back. My doors are always open and all that you wish is yours. All I have to ask is recognition and you."

Since I know her promise is sure, I am the most satisfied boy on earth, in spite of some handicaps. My Bed shall have more of my time and gratitude. Tell me, how I ^{can I} forsake her?

J. W.

An Afternoon in a Garret

Is there any pleasure quite like that of spending a rainy afternoon in an old garret?

One day I wished to be alone for a while; so to Aunt Sally's garret I went.

I climbed the two flights of stairs and paused a moment outside of the door, waiting, perhaps, to change my mood before entering into that room which told many stories of past years.

I opened the door and went at once to a comfortable, low chair which I claimed for my own. I sat motionless for a few moments listening to the rain as it pattered on the roof so close to my head.

As I glanced across the room an odd-shaped chest caught my attention. Instantly my curiosity arose as to what it contained. I wended my way among the various trunks and boxes to it, and with the little chest in my arms I retraced my steps and again sat down in the old chair.

I hesitated before opening the chest, fearing that perhaps a ghastly sight should meet my eyes, or that I should be disappointed at the things which it contained. With much effort I unfastened the iron clamp and raised the lid. A smell of old and musty books reached my nostrils. There were letters, ribbons, dried flowers, locks



of hair, and some books. These were souvenirs of someone's younger days. Not wishing to disturb these articles which to someone had been very sacred, I took out a thin book with a faded red binding. It was a book of poems. This fact did not interest me, but on the fly-leaf was written, "To my wayward son, Charles, from Mother,"--and instantly this book held a new meaning for me. In my mind's eye I saw a dear, sweet mother giving the very book which I held in my hands perhaps to her only son and bidding him farewell. He had gone from home never to return to see his mother again. With this thought I replaced, reverently and carefully, the book, and carried the little chest, full of memories, some sweet and some bitter, back to its former place.

I went from one thing to another, finding now and again an old dress or suit, the style of which was really laughable. Some pictures of men with long beards, women with their hair piled high on their heads, children with a frightened look on their faces, a few fragments of furniture, a doll with a broken head, a hobby-horse with it's tail gone, and a little pair of worn out shoes,--all these were in one large trunk. I was not able to touch them because of the many sacred thoughts which arose from seeing them.

Suddenly I looked at my watch, and found to my surprise that I had been there all afternoon. Looking at the room once again, and impressing on my mind a picture of the place that had been such a comfort to me, I finally arose to go.

As I paused on the threshold before leaving the garret, I thought of our midern finished attics, and was sad at the thought that such inviting retreats were fast disappearing, taking with them the fascination of days gone by.

G.B.

From the Laboratory Windows

There ~~was~~ no life in the starfish, and very little in me.

Through the softly gathering twilight the campus was beautiful. An automobile was parked on the driveway and several girls were talking excitedly to the passengers.

A young man directly below me stood on the steps of the Fowler Memorial, and was reading an account from a paper to some of his friends. He reminded me of Patrick Henry delivering his famous speech, "Liberty or Death." Two girls wandered down the walk from the dormitory. A young man hurriedly crossed the campus to post a letter. A less fortunate student was wearily raking the leaves from the lawn.

The automobile drove away, the young man finished his oration, a basket of leaves was removed by the tired student. The campus was quiet and more beautiful than before.

I indifferently turned again to inspect my dead starfish.

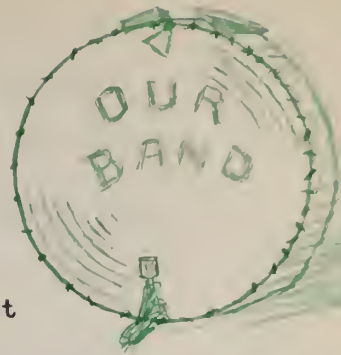
G.B.

My First Band Practice

Nervously I walked up the wide cement walk toward the mossy brick building, popularly known in Windsor as the Town Mall. It was to be my first practice night with the village band, the band that drew all the young farmer-swains into town on Saturday nights to stand under the huge maples towering above the gayly lighted bandstand while the tenors played see-saw with the basses and the moonlight streamed down between the clouds.

That evening my cornet was very shiny as I carried it under my arm; it drew the attention of too many people to the new-comer. I tried carrying it in front of me, but it was too conspicuous. I hung it from my hand on the side away from the people, but then its position didn't give due regard to the noble instrument. At last I shifted it under my arm again as I passed a group of chattering townsfolk.

Around the door of the band room loitered several of the early-arriving members. The hired trumpet soloist from the city tilted back in his chair, keeping buzzing mosquitoes away from his bald head by blowing cigarette smoke up first one side and then the other side of his huge nose. A college sophomore was there to play first cornet in the home-town band, but at the moment was engrossed in entertaining two or three young ladies of the "fast set". My fluttering



heart was slightly quieted when the bandmaster bade me a good evening in his cordial voice. Again was I reassured as I caught a glimpse of the familiar, jolly, laughing face of the town school music instructor as he settled his two hundred fifty pounds, net weight, cautiously on a creaking chair.

After much shifting of chairs and blaring of horns, the master of ceremonies distributed copies of the first selection, picked up his tuba, and signaled for the march to begin. With a thunderous noise from the bass drum we were off, but I went off into a fog. On weighing anchor and taking surroundings, I discovered that the piece was written in cut time. The band had jumped down two measures while I was walking down the first. While waiting for the band to repeat the strain so that I could locate myself, I endeavored to keep busy by blowing water from the valves and adjusting the slides a bit differently. There must be a reason for my dropping out!

Plunging in again I blew away until I came to a twenty-five or thirty measure rest. About halfway through it I lost the count and sat there with a question mark in my mind and a zero on my face. As I sat in wonder and darkness the player by my side lifted his cornet to playing position. Deciding that the end of the rest was drawing nigh, I followed his example, and, as he emptied the contents of

his sturdy lungs into the instrument, I started tooting away after him. The sweat on my brow when the march ended was not so much from effort expended in playing as from effort used in keeping up with the band.

During the intermission a group of barefooted boys from town tossed a couple of big paper wads down the gaping bell of the bass horn as its player leaned forward to catch a light for his half-smoked Havana. The next piece started off while the bass horn player had his instrument upside down trying to find out why it didn't work.

As the minutes passed my nervousness decreased. Once, however, I reached a rest one note after the others, and the green-horn player presented his first solo.

Yet I felt repaid after the practice hour for my attempt, for the bandmaster came around and asked me to play with the band in the next concert.

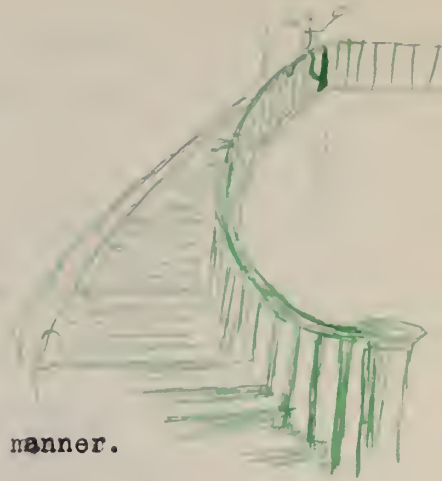
L. P.

Ridiculous Desires

All my life there have been certain things which I have desired, ridiculously enough, to do. Absurd things they are, to be sure, and I have hesitated always to mention them to anyone for fear that he would laugh, or gaze at me in a pitying manner. Now I am going to take the final plunge and admit what some of them are.

Bannisters have a strong appeal for me. Frankly, whenever I get near a bannister I want to slide down it, especially if it is a smooth, long, straight one. Once or twice I have even looked stealthily around to see if anyone was watching me, but there has always been someone to make my trip impossible. If I could slide down a bannister just once I know that my craving would leave me, but conventions and people have, so far, kept me from thus disgracing myself.

And revolving doors, too, fascinate me. If, when I walk through revolving doors into Hovey's, a stout man precedes me, I want to push the doors around quickly so that he will have no time to get out, but must go around again. Can't you see his face becoming red with anger that anyone should so offend his dignity? And when the doors have sufficiently slowed for him to make his departure, can't you see him walking off in offended silence with just one disgusted backward glance to see who has performed this atrocious act? I have almost dared to



do this, but a swift glance at the hordes of people following in my wake has been enough to stifle this desire.

The last absurdity which I am going to admit to is wanting to run down escalators. Have you ever tried it? No, I suppose not. But how I should like to! Sometimes I stand at the top and prepare myself to see if I can't beat those climbing stairs and eventually reach the bottom. Just when I get ready to start, however, someone eyes me with suspicion, or a man, uniformed in blue with gold buttons, walks alertly by and then lurks within sight. What can I do? I abandon my desire for the time being, but each successive time it comes back with stronger force. Sometime I shall do this and woe to me if anyone appears. But I shall take precautions to look carefully for anyone who might make my downward flight end unceremoniously, or put me in disgrace.

E. P.

Subway Scenery

One dark, gloomy afternoon my friend and I decided to go to New York. Because of the weather mother called out, "You'd better take umbrellas girls. It looks as if it might rain."



After we had seated ourselves in the train, we looked around at our fellow passengers. What amusing people traveled in the New York subways. A young man sitting across the aisle from us was the first to attract our attention. It was hard to tell what he was trying to do, for he was evidently in a silly mood. He had a folding umbrella. After taking the handle off, he bent the ribs back. Much to our surprise it folded into a bundle about a foot long. After he had fastened the handle onto the rest of it, he put it over his knee. There he sat - serious and solemn through it all. It was evident that he was seldom in this mood. To make the situation more ludicrous, there was a hole, of which he was apparently unaware, in his stocking. He was not only attracting our attention but that of everyone in the same car.

Much to our amusement, an old man sitting near him thought that maybe his umbrella would come apart, too. He pulled and tugged at the handle - trying to get it off. When he found that it would not come off, he tried to bend the ribs back. Surely a man his age should have had better sense

Not far away sat a young woman. She was dressed in a very business-like manner. Hers was the type that never could smile. From her appearance we decided that she must be a dignified, old-maid school teacher. We pitied the children who had to listen to her every day. She looked horrified at what was going on. We heard her whisper to the one next to her, "When will people grow up and act their age".

At the other end of the car sat an old Jew reading his paper. His hair looked as if it hadn't been combed for a month. On his beard one could see signs of his previous meal and maybe the one before it. His clothes were shabby. But what did he care? His newspaper was the most important thing to him - at least it looked that way. The paper was grasped tightly with his two hands and held a few inches away from his face. Only once did he show signs of knowing what was going on about him. Then, he glanced out of the corner of his eye disapprovingly.

As the train came to our station, we almost regretted having to get off. We had been well entertained.

D. H.

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST, FROM HIS

ACCESSION TO THE THRONE, TO HIS DEATH.

IN TWO VOLUMES. THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST, FROM HIS

DEATH, TO HIS BURIAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES. THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE THIRD PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST, FROM HIS

BURIAL, TO HIS DEATH.

IN TWO VOLUMES. THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST, FROM HIS

DEATH, TO HIS BURIAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES. THE FOURTH VOLUME.

THE FIFTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST, FROM HIS

BURIAL, TO HIS DEATH.

IN TWO VOLUMES. THE FIFTH VOLUME.

THE SIXTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST, FROM HIS

BURIAL, TO HIS DEATH.

IN TWO VOLUMES. THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE SEVENTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST, FROM HIS

BURIAL, TO HIS DEATH.

Broadway



Broadway in Saratoga Springs is no more than the name implies,-the main street of the city. A wide, tree-bordered thoroughfare with stores, city hall, and traffic lights, its main physical distinction is the number of large hotels which mark it as a resort town. Truly, at night the street is so well lighted that an insurance company uses it as an example of a well lighted street.

There are few cities which have business sections leading so varied a life as Broadway, Saratoga. The calendar may mean nothing to some streets but the pulse of Broadway changes with the seasons. As we have mentioned, Saratoga is a resort city. In summer, then, Broadway is at the height of its activity. Crowds throng the sidewalks: bookmakers in clothes, fancy of style and vivid in color; newsboys selling Wall Street extras; rabbis from the large Jewish summer population which comes to Saratoga for the mineral baths. In the street taxis and surreys dispute the right of way. The hotels are open and the porches are dotted with guests. In summer, Broadway is in its worldly glory.

The flood tide is reached at the Labor Day week-end. Saturday evening, when the last race is run, the cars from the races crossing and entering the holiday traffic require the efforts of three policemen at the town hall corner, is the peak of activity. However, by Tuesday morning a great

change has come over Broadway. The crowds are gone. Traffic is thinning. The shutters are going up on the hotels. Fall has arrived. Fortunate, indeed, in this season is the merchant whose place of business is located in that active zone on the east side of Broadway, bounded on the south by Woolworth's and on the north by the Atlantic and Pacific. The rest of Broadway has but few pedestrians.

Soon the snow falls. The stores begin to display the signs "Do your Christmas Shopping Early". As the public begins to heed this counsel, Broadway wakes up once more. Christmas Eve there could scarcely be found a place where the atmosphere is so healthfully active. The air itself is sharp and invigorating. The shopper is happy although tired. In the street, cars buzz with a slap-slap of skid chains on either side of the snow piled in the middle. The street itself has been decorated with laurel and colored lights, while on one corner the municipal Christmas tree stands. The stores have competed in decorating their buildings. Broadway has temporarily awakened from its apparent sleep.

After Christmas, Broadway becomes simply a street, to remain so until summer. In the preceding paragraph I have compared this condition to sleep; and yet this period is less deadening than the busy summer. To me it is more beautiful. As the snow disappears and the many trees begin to

leaf out, Broadway assumes a natural beauty, yet this beauty is spoiled for me by the knowledge of approaching summer and the preparations for the extra population. Nevertheless, the beauty is there.

I have attempted to describe Broadway during the different seasons. Each period is beautiful in its way, but to me the Christmas season finds Broadway at the point when, its worldly display and artificial atmosphere of the summer months having been set aside, the beauty of common things is revealed.

D. T.



COLLEGE LIFE



Christmas Presents

Prof. Spangenberg - A tonic for Akin symptoms

Ray Benson - Stilts on which to measure up to his ideal

Genevieve Mann - An etiquette book on how to throw gravy
gracefully

John McCloy - A new volume of quotations from Shakespeare

Beverly Gordon - A book on "Social Problems of a Dark Friday Night"

Beatrice Cork - An introduction to "Alexander the Great"

Lewis Payne - A new chaperone license for 1933

Mary Morse - A mirror so she won't have to face the Y.P.S:
audience

James Bender - A special mail bag in which to collect that
"one" letter received every day

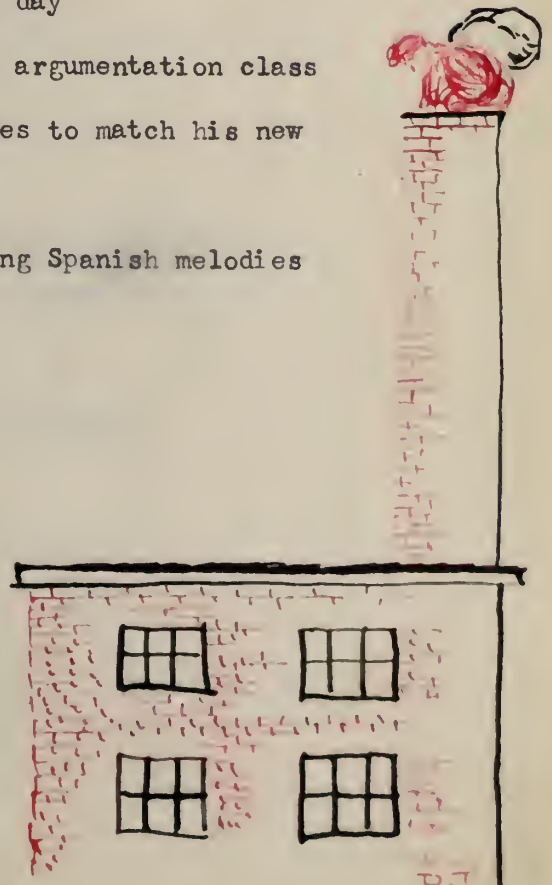
Mrs. Mingleдорff - Ability to give in in argumentation class

Howard Field - Gold frames for his glasses to match his new
suit

Edith Peavey - A mellow bass voice to sing Spanish melodies

John Wheeler - A desire for women

John Andree - A harem



Doris Morst - Rubber gloves to stretch worms with for zoology lab

Donald Tillotson - A scooter to chase the Green Book staff
with

Marion Gallup - A package of invisible bobby-pins.

Lester Smith - Mute for his saxophone

Grace Barnett - "Ribbons as a keynote to fashion"

Maurine Simpson - Violin lessons from a certain student

Olive Bynon - A toy pipe organ

James Brown - A smile to wear with his "specs"

Ruth Moore - A drawing set for lab

Gwendolyn Mann - A chaperone for her Friday night dates

Doris Stackhouse - 3 Friday nights a week

James Johnston - Ditto

Preston Lockhart - A left-handed snow shovel

Jimmie: Love making is the same as it has always been.

Dot Stackhouse: (with deep sigh) How do you know?

Jimmie: I read about a Greek girl who listened to a lyre
all night.

Prof. Spangenberg: Did you ever take chloroform?

John McCloy: No, who teaches it?

One man in New York dies every minute.

Yeah? I'd like to see him.

Bride-to-be: What did your friend say when you showed him
my picture?

Groom: He pressed my hand in silence.

If Columbus hadn't discovered America it would have belonged
to the Indians now instead of the Standard Oil Company.

Howard Field: How's your father's horse?

Lewis Payne: Fine, how's your folks?

Mary Morse: She works in a questionable place.

Doris Morst: Yeah?

Mary Morse: Bureau of Information.

John: When I proposed she laughed at me.

Jimmie Brown: She's a silly child. She laughs at the most stu-
pid things.

A colored minister overheard some workmen say that they were
frescoing the recess behind the pulpit and that the church would
have to be closed for a time. The minister made this announce-
ment from the pulpit - "Folks, they is fricasseeing the abcess
so I guess we'll have to adjourn."

John Riley: My girl won't marry me.

Wheeler: Why not?

John: She hasn't any parents to live with.

She reminds me of a girl on a magazine because I see her only
once a month - says Ray.

Lesson Number 1 from the menu - Budder tust, rust biff, grep
frut, buula zoup and scups coffee.

Prof. Span: Every time you fail to recite I put a cross after
your name.

Johnston: My name must look like a graveyard.

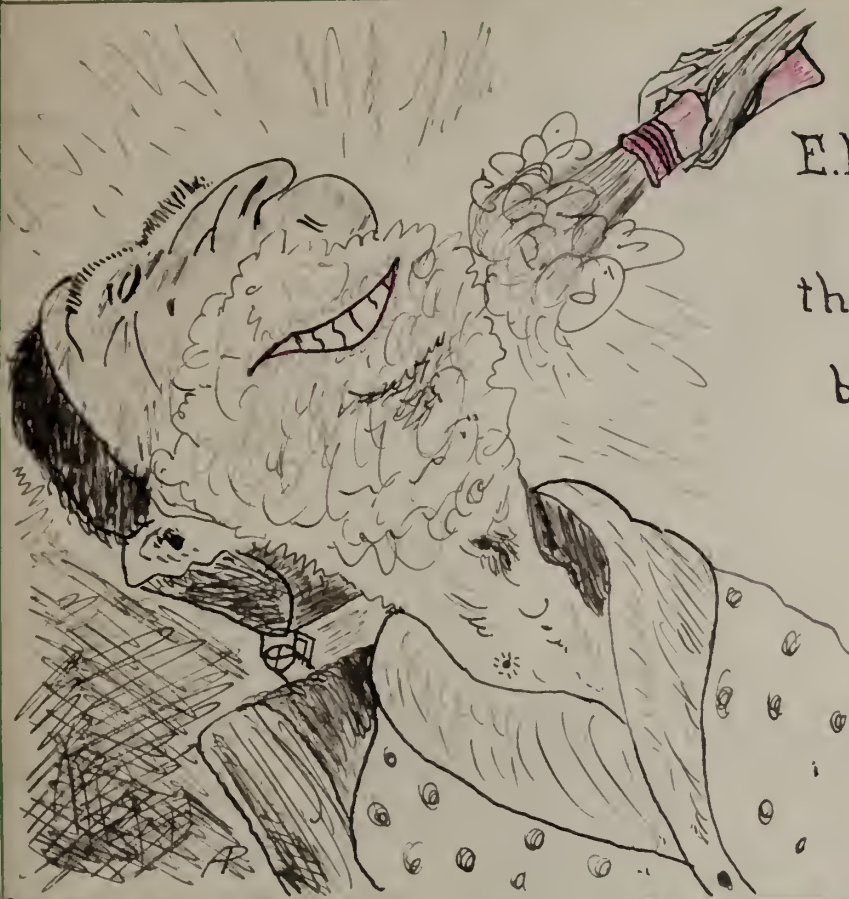


*For the start of
a perfect day..!*

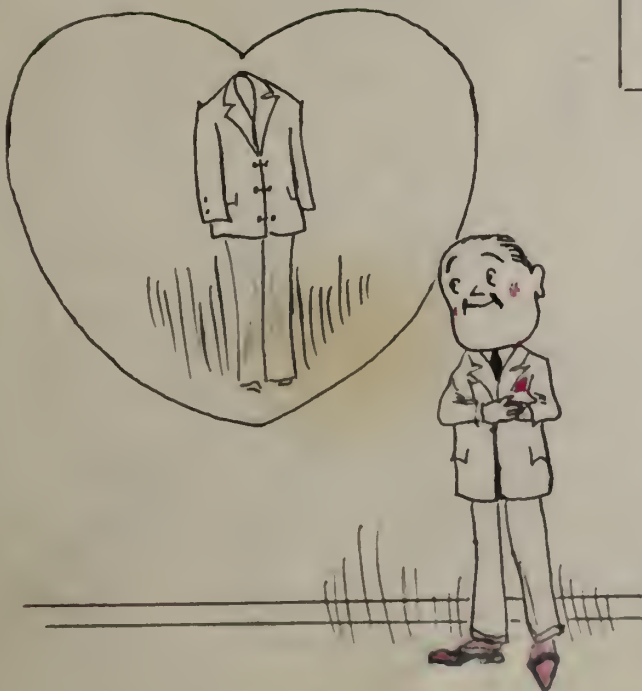
YOUR SHIRT

scientifically laundered

E.N.C. LAUNDRY



E.N.C. Students
regret
that they have
but one face
to get
Shaved
at
**Ebbie's
Barber
Shop**



If you think you're hard
to suit, I'm here to
change your mind —

REEVES'

TAILOR

SHOP

